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Two Excellent

NEW SONGS

I. In praiſe of the Brave Behaviour of the EARL of FORTH's HIGHLANDERS, for ſtanding their own Defence and right, &c.

II. Auld Sir Symon the king

Entered according to Order, 1778.

In praiſe of the Brave Highlanders o SEA-FORTH's Regiment.

THe Earl of Forth came from t'nort
And vow! but he was ſly, man
He rais'd his men from Highland glen
And from the Iſle of Sky, man.
Theſe famous ſons, he gave them guns
With thoſe that caw'd the plew, man
But wait a ſpace, you'll ſee his grace,
This raiſing ſore to rue, man.

For at Kinroſs, e[illegible]hey would croſs,
They'll fight th[illegible]every one, man
Before they'll go to wear the hoe,
They'll fight till they be ſlain, man
This roguiſh youth went to the ſouth
And ſtraight toEdinburgh town, ma
When he came there he did repair,
To get himſel' renown, man;

But go with me and you will ſee,
What juſt on him befel, man,
And you will ſay you never ſaw,
A wretch like to himſel', man:
To Edinburgh town I ſaid he's boun
From Highland-rocks ſo high, ma

And with his men as ye wou'd ken,
From other parts and Sky, man.

The Earl himſel' as we hear tell,
Did pinch the Lads' pay, man;
For what they got, Each half a groat
Four halfpence in the Day, man:
He gave no coin, when they did join,
But hawl'd them out like dogs, man;
From 'yont their wife their deareſt life,
Without a ſhoe or brog man.

His rakiſh miſs, that he did kiſs,
Did pay for ſome 'tis true man;
But yet alas! to her diſgrace,
She pay'd not half enow, man.
In Edinburgh tower that ſtately bower,
The Lads diſpleaſed lay man;
For want of bread for they had need,
As every one did ſay, man.

But now attend you'll hear the end,
For they did get the rout man;
Then they muſt go tho' full of woe,
To ſhip them a' nae doubt man:
But hark ye now, I'll tell you true,
The Lads were in a rage, man,
And down the ſtreet if foes did meet,
Their courage to aſſwage man.

In furious mood and ſwearing rude,
They brake the rank and file man ;
With ſword in hand took nae command
They broke the fetter'd jail man:
Then they went all with rounds of ball
Down to the ſhore of Leith, man ;
But I'll rehearſe they were as fearce,
As they had been before man.

The Earl their head was there indeed,
Leſs honour there he found man,
His men to pleaſe upon his knees,
He kneeled on the ground man ;
In ſuch a ſtrife to beg his life,
You'd wondr'd for to ſee man ;
His pale ſoft face ſat begging grace,
From theſe of low degree man.

To ſee him run was the beſt fun,
Of all the ſport we ſaw man ;
He ran full faſt to Leith he paſs'd,
And glad to win awa' man.
I'll tell ye now the thing is true,
I may ſay what I ſaw man,
The men in rout did turn about,
M' Kenzie and M' Craws man.

To Arthur's ſeat, e'er it was late,
And laid their lergour down man

Then meat they got it was their lot,
Brought out of Edinburgh town man
It came inſtead they had much need,
And drink they got galore, man ;
FromEdinburgh town & friends around
Sent them a goodly ſtore man.

I'm not miſtain they did remain,
Sometime upon the hill man,
And beſt of a' the brave M' Craw,
Poſſeſt it at his will man ;
Duke of Buccleugh was good enough,
He came with right good will, man ;
To know the cauſe of the M' Craws,
A taking of the hill, man.

Howton and Scean did them convene,
With other Noblemen, man ;
And when they knew they did a-vow,
The Earl was to blame, man.
The brave Scean, he ſaid, the men ſhall have,
Whatever is their right, man ;
If they'll prove true, they ſhall not rue,
Of this their haſtey flight, man :

But this miſchance did ſo advance,
The nation heard the ſound man,
And then to fear as ye might hear,
They brought t' black Dragoon man

The Glaſgow blue them to purſue,
Did come from far to ſee man ;
But beſt of a' the loafty Craw,
From off the hill did flee man.

For brave Dunmore was lov'd before,
He will be ay in fame man ;
When him they ſaw they came awa'
They all did love his name, man.
To the Abbey ſtrand with ſword in hand
He led both front and rear, man ;
The brave Dunmore went on before,
They lov'd him all ſo dear man;

And when they came to t' Abbey-ſtrand,
There was dukes, lords and a', man ;
And thouſands more with Lord Dun-
To ſee the brave M'Craws, man (more
Howton and Scean on the cart was ſeen
And gave them drink galore, man ;
The healths went round while on the gro-
They filled well their gore man. (und

They got their crave and peace was made
'Twixt Officers and a', man ;
No diſturbance more, was heard there-
In ſhiping of the M Craws, man. (fore
I hope none of a' will blame t' M'Craws
In doing of this thing, man ;

For, whom will not fight, for their
own right,
Will ne'er fight for their king, man.

And this I hope will put a ſtop,
In uſing ſodgers ſae man;
And if they do, for this is true,
They'll turn their mortal foe man.
Let Edinburgh town have high renown
Who did ſupply our need man,
And in their name we will proclaim,
Let heaven reward their deeds man:

They were ſo good to ſend us food,
Our bleſſing on them fall man.
And let us pray both night and day,
Then to be bleſſed all, man,
And let us raiſe their higheſt praiſe,
Their worthy deeds and fame man;
Without a flaw while breath we draw,
'Tis Edinburgh's praiſe proclaim man

Where'er we ſail we will not fail,
Good cauſe we have I ſay, man,
And round in ring their praiſes ſing,
Wherever that we are, man;
And if that we ſhould chance to die,
Our friends will ſtill proclaim man,
The high renown of Edinburgh town,
And ſing aloud their fame, man.

And now my muſe do me excuſe,
And I will ſay nae mair, man;
What I indite, I here do write,
Was ne'er in print before, man.

Auld Sir Symon the king.

SOME ſay that kiſſing's a ſin,
But I ſay that winna ſtand;
It is a moſt innocent thing,
And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a tranſgreſſion,
The miniſters it would reprove;
But they, their elders and ſeſſion,
Can do it as weel as the lave.

Its lang ſince it came in faſhion,
I'm ſure it will never be done,
As lang as there's in the nation,
A lad, laſs, wife, or a lown.

What can I ſay more to commend it,
Though I ſhould ſpeak all my life?
Yet this will I ſay in the end o't,
Let every man kiſs his ain wife.

Let him kiſs her, clap her, and dawt her,
And gie her benevolence due,
And that will a thrifty wife mak her,
And ſae I'll bid fareweel to you.

FINIS.